

"Ahmed" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"Ahmed"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

[Lowkey:]

His young life was as delicate as the wing of a butterfly
And as fragile as a spider's web
For him we cry because when he dies we all do

Did Ahmed not deserve a life? Ahmed never hurt a fly
Ahmed never knew the politicians he was murdered by
Certain times Ahmed wished that he could be a bird and fly
Beyond the sky, escape the curse of birth that he was burdened by
Ahmed never grew to let your racism internalise
Water poured from every pore in his corpse while the nurses cried
Ahmed was a beautiful person like you or I
But are we?...

Ahmed could have been a doctor, lawyer or an engineer
Could have been a superstar but his life ended here
Guess he was a shooting star, burn bright and disappear
To some he seems to represent a menace in this hemisphere
Let me here make the very essence of this message clear
He was precious, many die like him every year
Ahmed was a victim of resentment and relentless fear
Now his soul surfs the waves, I wish we could have kept him here

[Lowkey & Mai Khalil:]

The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds our secrets (holds our secrets)
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds his soul (holds his soul)
They call him Ahmed
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds our secrets (holds our secrets)
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds his soul (holds his soul)
They call him Ahmed

[Lowkey:]

Ahmed's ancestors introduced to Europe Greek philosophy
Brought with them irrigation, mathematics and astronomy
Symbolically, irony of this horror isn't lost on me
Trying to get to Europe via Greece is where he's lost at sea
Ahmed not Achmed, it's Ahmed, he's that dead
Toddler lying lifeless on the beach with his back bent
Arms spread, reaching the direction that his dad went
If he made it here, would have been bullied for his accent
He was captured by the ocean, paralysed and frozen
While these parasites sat and typed, analysing clothing
Now for resources we all compete beyond the talk of war and peace
And talk of porous border there is corpses on the shore of Greece
They found a teddy next to where his body was found
The sea swallowed him, politics has swallowed him now
And those responsible, Ahmed's ghost will follow them now

To the family all we can say is we are sorry he drowned
Because...

[Lowkey & Mai Khalil:]

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[Lowkey:]

They say let him drown, let him drown, let him drown, What have you done, don't let him drown, don't let him
drown
No what have we become, don't let him drown
No, don't let him drown
And they say
Let him drown, let him drown, let him drown
What have we done, don't let him drown, don't let him drown
No, what have we become, don't let him drown
Please, don't let him drown

Ahmed could've been you, and Ahmed could've been me
We need to understand the policies that put him in the sea
We need to understand why it is the beach is full of dying kids
A colonial Metropole people want to reside in
If he did would he make it or fall to something that's deeper
End up like like Jimmy Mubenga or Khaled Abu Zarifa
A picture by Javier Bauluz on the beaches of Tarifa
Made me see, some would grieve more if Ahmed was a creature
With four legs, then they would consider him legitimate
Those like him braving barbed wire burning off their finger tips
Balfours alien act, that mentality still exists
Is privilege the difference between an ex-pat and an immigrant?
For Ama Sumani and Osman Rasul Mohamed, when you take others humanity, it's only yours that's stunted, not
a swarm
They're our sisters and brothers, that's the sum of it
The cockroaches here are in the media and the government
Not the sea

[Lowkey & Mai Khalil:]

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[Lowkey:]

Ahmed never knew the politicians he was murdered by
Ahmed never knew the politicians he was murdered by
Ahmed never knew the politicians he was murdered by
And they all laugh at him...

